

## New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth: News—Editorial—Advertisements

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## 1920 and 1904

The Evening World's political forecaster allows Cox 192 electoral votes. The Evening Post's forecaster allows him 171. Two hundred and sixty-six votes are necessary to elect. Both The Evening World and The Evening Post are ardent supporters of the Democratic candidate.

Conditions at the close of the campaign recall those at the finish in 1904. Then also the Democratic party was divided and the support given the national ticket by masses of Democrats was perfunctory. Thomas F. Ryan contributed several hundred thousand dollars to the Parker campaign, chest merely in the hope of saving to some extent the prestige of the national organization.

Judge Parker received 140 electoral votes to Colonel Roosevelt's 336. The solid South was for Parker and he got Kentucky's thirteen votes and seven of Maryland's eight. He lost Missouri and every Northern and Western state. The Southern States had 120 votes in 1904. Now they have 126. Oklahoma, with ten votes, has been admitted since 1904. Adding these ten, thirteen from Kentucky and eight from Maryland, the vote of the Parker-Southern group would rise to 157. Arizona and New Mexico have also been admitted since 1904, and neither has ever cast its vote for a Republican President. With their six electors the Parker-Southern total would rise to 163. In order to reach the Cox total of 171 The Evening Post's expert classes Utah and Montana as Democratic. Utah voted for Taft in 1912 and for Wilson in 1916.

The Parker vote in 1904 represented Democratic low tide. The Cox vote this year will apparently represent Democratic low tide once more. Mr. Wilson received 435 electoral votes in 1912 and 277 in 1916. Cox's total on Tuesday will measure the political results of eight years of Wilsonism.

## Wanted—Intelligent Selfishness

General prices now tend downward, as for six years they tended upward. Another change in the purchasing power of money occurs to threaten a new stimulant to unrest.

Will we find ways to soften the shocks of the readjustments? The chief victims of rising prices were investors and unorganized workers, who endured their hardships dumbly. But other elements of the population may not be equally docile.

Despite the dreams of Utopians, mankind has acted on the belief that the safest workaday principle on which to base human relations, whether of nations or classes or of individuals, is intelligent selfishness. Strikes, industrial wrangles, schemes for making a new world all at once—what are their principal faults?

Failures to recognize mutuality of interest and attempts to base human relations on other principles.

Men shut their eyes to the fact that human beings live on current production and not on past accumulations—that only to a small extent are wages paid out of capital. The delusion that each man can have more when all together have less becomes so firmly rooted that men like Mr. Gompers, who know better, dare not combat it.

Has the world learned? Will it increase the per capita quantity of divisible goods? Or will it continue to quarrel over distribution, and thus prevent enhanced production?

Much has been written of the losses of man power and the destruction of machinery during the war. Those subtractions are serious. But their evil effects have been less than those which have come from slackening and quitting jobs. The Battle of Caporetto was a great blow to Italy. But the recent industrial battles in Milan, Turin and Genoa have cost the masses of Italy more.

America wasted vast supplies to sustain her armies. But she has wasted more by unnecessary non-production since.

Propaganda in favor of selfishness

—intelligent selfishness—is needed. For practical purposes it is a power that lifts more than altruism.

## A Halloween Hodge

The prediction of overwhelming Republican victory by their own experts seems to have calmed somewhat the fevered brows of the Wilson league editors. The Evening Post, which has hopped around like an elderly spinster aunt in a traffic jam and has cast to the winds every trace of its boasted dignity and fairness, returns to an almost rational statement of the two candidates, their merits and their issues. The Times and The World will no doubt follow suit. By the end of the week it may even be conceded that it was possible to vote for Harding without being a disreputable sinner.

The league issue never was a real issue. It was always a hodge, a pumpkin head, to scare the easily scareable. There were a few such voters that the first whoop started on their way. But they were not representative of any large body of Americans. They were a Wilsonian fringe, still partly under the hypnosis of Wilsonian verbiage and looking for an excuse to escape from anything as sane and practical as the Republican party.

Like a parcel of small boys on Halloween, they made a lot of noise as they ran across the street. The Wilson press joined in the hullabaloo and jumped up and down shouting "Stampede!" But the American people are not so easily frightened. The great stampede, in the judgment of Democratic experts, never existed outside of the minds of these few wish-thinkers.

There is no need of rehearsing the extravagant arguments put forward in an effort to prove that the only way to get a League of Nations was to vote for James M. Cox. The whole record of the Republican party for a generation, the opinions of all its great leaders of to-day, are for a league. So is its platform. So are its candidates for President and Vice-President. The final structure may have the Wilson league as a foundation, or it may not. But that it will be built, and be built with the entire wisdom and will of the American people assisting, is not open to question by any one not afraid of his shadow.

So vanishes one more election hodge into the dusk of memory.

## Football and Piety

How a football team of brawny, valiant, confident young men, representing a little college in Kentucky, almost beat Harvard is variously explained. One is told that before each game the president of Centre—or his representative—goes into the dressing room where the team is waiting in the usual state of nervous tension. He raises his hand and then his voice, offering a prayer; not necessarily for victory, but a simple appeal to help these young men play a clean, honorable, fair and square game.

Could anything more tend to quiet tingling nerves, bring calmness and strengthen will power? The new psychology teaches that in each of us are two of us, and that the submerged self is often the stronger and better man. A powerful appeal to the subconscious arouses him. Perhaps this is a scientific explanation of the potencies of prayer—suggests why palm-singers have been the lustiest fighters.

Centre College has but 300 undergraduates to recruit from, while Harvard has fifteen times that number. But what Centre lacks in numbers he makes up for in piety. So her young men were able to smite the sophisticated Philistines of New England hip and thigh—or almost. Bluegrass and religion constitute a pair not easy to beat.

## Closing Our Flour Mills

Now comes A. P. Husband, secretary of the Millers' National Federation, saying that American flour mills have been put out of business by the Shipping Board policy of the Administration.

The two great markets for American wheat are the flour mills of this country and the export business which has its clearing house in Liverpool. The Shipping Board, says Mr. Husband, has adopted ocean freight rates which discriminate in favor of American wheat and against American flour. Liverpool is the world's wheat market, and as such the price of American wheat is fixed there. And wheat once delivered to Liverpool is in the hands of a British government commission. Therefore, he argues, with the American flour mills "put out of business" the price the American farmer receives for his wheat actually is decided by the British government.

For a long time before the war exports of American wheat and flour were about equal. As far back as 1880 some 40 per cent of our wheat export was in the form of flour. Later the percentage varied according to world crop conditions. In 1919

## THE SAME OLD MULE



we exported 20,000,000 barrels of flour. To-day we are exporting practically none. During the three months of July, August and September of this year New Orleans alone exported more wheat than her annual total in normal times. Yet, while sending abroad this enormous quantity of wheat, New Orleans sent abroad only eight barrels of flour.

Our national prosperity rests, as in the past, primarily on agriculture. Any ill-considered policy which injures American farmers, of course, injures everybody. The Shipping Board may have reason for its action in regard to ocean freight rates for wheat and flour, and should not be condemned without a hearing. But Mr. Husband's charge is specific and is grave enough to require a serious reply.

## Two Helpless Fleets

The division of our fleet into two half-manned fragments, both of which are unready for war, is bad enough, in that it violates established principles of naval warfare. But with entire indifference to reason, the Administration has announced that it will separate these two forces still further by sending one to South American and South African ports and the other to Australia and New Zealand next summer.

To be sure, it is somewhat difficult to view this matter seriously at this time. Does this Administration expect to control national and naval policies "next summer"? There would appear to be grave doubt of the perpetuation of Josephus Daniels's reign of naval chaos after March 4.

It is reasonable to expect that the next administration will promptly institute reforms calculated to restore the *esprit de corps* and the efficiency of our navy. We may confidently predict that the fleet will be reassembled, reorganized and made ready for war in accordance with the established principles of Mahan. There is little danger of war at present. But sound naval principles should be observed in peace as well as in war.

## Calvin Coolidge Says

(From his address delivered at Frederick, Md., Oct. 25, 1920)

We have gross executive wrongs to correct. We cannot, we shall not tolerate them, for toleration of wrong is destruction of government. Heroic remedies are required for their cure. These remedies will have no novelty of character. They will consist in the effective application of old-fashioned principles, the principles of economy, efficiency and right. The old order is fixed. It cannot change. Its obligations to its supporters in office are imperative. There must be a change. There is no other issue that so touches the public desire. There is no other course. There must be a new executive without obligation to the present Administration. There is but one remedy for the thickening evils that have overtaken our government and that remedy is the election of Warren G. Harding President of the United States of America.

## Still Useful

(From The Battle Post-Intelligencer)

Still, the nickels are not absolutely useless; we can try to telephone with them.

## Closing the Debate

Final Opinions of Our Readers Upon the Candidates and the Issues of the Campaign

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There can be but one reason for Governor Cox's unexpected change of belief as to reservations. He realized fully the sentiments of the people. Consequently he felt that it would be wiser to repudiate the Administration and make one last desperate attempt to win a fight that was lost to him from the start.

In his endeavor to stave off the wave of anti-Wilsonism and anti-league sentiment which is sweeping over the country he has made his defeat more certain. What Cox believed would be his gain will be his loss, because of his obvious inconsistency and veritable hypocrisy.

The glaring error of his logic is the comical part of the situation. The tragic part of it is that the United States as a whole must be disgraced by being forced to tolerate as a candidate of a major party a man of such caliber as Cox has proved himself to be. "Let us be done with wiggles and wabbles," exhorts the Republican National Committee.

Let us, incidentally, make certain that we bring no further "wiggles and wabbles" upon ourselves. For it is apparent that Cox has a tendency to be far more wabbly than President Wilson ever was. And that is saying a great deal. HOWARD W. HINTZ. New York, October 28, 1920.

## The Vera Cruz Fiasco

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Referring to Mr. Tumulty's fulsome eulogy of the President, I should like to correct one statement contained therein. Mr. Tumulty speaks of Mr. Wilson's order to Admiral Mayo to "take Vera Cruz." As it happens, Admiral Mayo was at Tampico, some 250 miles away. He not only had no part in taking Vera Cruz, but under express orders from Secretary Daniels made no effort to go to the aid of several hundred Americans besieged in the Southern Hotel by a Mexican mob, infuriated, and justly so, by the news that the defenseless port of Vera Cruz had been shelled by the ships of a power with which Mexico was at peace. It was the captain of a German cruiser, the Bremen or the Dresden, who rescued the Americans on shore from their perilous situation and cared for them on his ship.

Mr. Wilson's further remark as quoted by Tumulty to the effect that the order to take Vera Cruz "breaks my heart, but it must be done," can awaken in the minds of those who remember the circumstances only contempt and disgust. It did not have to be done. This country has a treaty with Mexico, by which we bind ourselves to allow six months for the peaceful settlement of international disputes, before either country resorts to arms, an agreement which was flouted by the President with a cynicism equal to that of Bethmann-Hollweg in his famous reference to a "scrap of paper." The ostensible purpose of the undertaking, to compel Mexico to salute the American flag, was never carried out; neither was the excuse, offered as an afterthought, the stoppage of an arms shipment, since the entire consignment was permitted to be discharged a few weeks later at Puerto Mexico.

Some months later William Jennings Bryan, the Secretary of State, was un-

kind enough to spill the beans by declaring: "We took Vera Cruz in order to show the world that we were in earnest when we said that Huerta must go."

Such is the practice, as opposed to the theory, of Mr. Wilson and his official family in the matter of the rights of smaller nations to self-determination. The Vera Cruz expedition cost us, in killed and wounded, over eighty men; it cost the Mexicans two or three times as many.

Lastly, and worst of all, it broke the President's heart. But it had to be done. G. W. KNOBLAUCH. New York, Oct. 29, 1920.

## A Democrat Since 1886

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have voted the Democratic ticket since 1886. Since it appears that in Washington democracy has turned into autocracy, I shall vote the Republican ticket with Senator Harding at the head, on November 2 in order to assist in preserving that freedom and independence as prescribed by the father of our country, George Washington. HENRY NEUS. New York, Oct. 29, 1920.

## Cutting the Heart Out of China

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "In Wilson's mind the supreme object of this war was to end war." So says Secretary Tumulty in his statement published this morning.

The law presumes a man to expect and to intend the ordinary results of his acts.

How can you end war by forcing China to turn to militarism and to create armies in order to save her integrity? How can you end war by returning Alsace-Lorraine with less than four millions to France and at the same time create a ten times greater cause for war by turning Shantung and forty millions of Chinese over to Japan?

Will it save the heart of the world to cut the heart out of China? GUY M. WALKER. New York, Oct. 29, 1920.

## A Rattlesnake in the Hand

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mrs. Catt's slogan seems to be "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," but the League of Nations without reservations is no bird.

It is more like a rattlesnake, and we would rather have any number of them in the bush than to have one in the hand. MABEL VAN VECHTEN. New York, Oct. 29, 1920.

## Making America Safe for Whom

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On November 2 the people of the United States will be called upon to decide whether America will be made safe for Americans or safe for Europeans.

While this question is probably the main issue of the campaign, nevertheless, there are other questions of vital importance to the electorate. The high cost of living; the provoking and irritating war taxes; and the sinful waste of the money we so generously expended to buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, are only a few of the many signs of omission and commission of the present Democratic Administration. Besides eight years of one-man power is sufficient for any mortal.

If you object to the wanton waste, arrogance, hypocrisy and insincerity of

the present Administration, then you can willingly buck the Republican candidates. But the election of Senator Harding is not enough. Give him a sympathetic House and Senate so as to enable him to make this country a better place to live in.

H. A. APPLESTEIN. Baltimore, Oct. 26, 1920.

## Cox the Unchangeable

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: If it is not too entirely against The Tribune's policy, I will beg space to disagree with "An Interested By-stander" (but evidently a partisan and not fully advised one). In no way has Mr. Cox "woefully changed his stand."

Since the beginning, Cox has stood squarely on the Democratic platform, which platform advocated the immediate ratification of the treaty without reservations that would impair its essential integrity, "but does not oppose the acceptance of any reservations making clearer or more specific the obligations of the United States to the league associates."

There has not been a speech or word from Cox during his campaign where he has not clearly stated that he would consider any reservations offered sincerely and with a desire to accomplish ratification of the league. S. L. S. New York, Oct. 29, 1920.

## The Bible vs. the Covenant

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a man who is coming to New York from a great distance to vote next Tuesday, one who has watched carefully during the campaign the methods and the developing evidence of character, or lack of it, of both candidates, I would like to say a word or two.

Mr. Cox, the Democratic spokesman, with power to waver as he pleases, except in the one "heart of the world" so to speak, has to many of us seemed to try to exalt himself a good deal like the Pharisees in the gospel of St. Luke. On the other hand, Mr. Harding, who has seemed more to humble himself in wishing to reach the thoughts of the people's wants and needs, seems more like the publican. I think, if a Bible reference is permissible, that the fourteenth verse of the eighteenth chapter of Luke pretty well describes how the God, fearing people of America will be directed next Tuesday.

"For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

How, again, can Mr. Wilson, or his wavering boy, reconcile the Tenth article of the covenant of the League of Nations with the covenant God made with his people in the fourth chapter of Micah in the first three verses? They read:

1—"But in the last days it shall come to pass, the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountain, and it shall be exalted above the hills; the people shall flow to it.

2—"And many nations shall come, and say, come let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we shall walk in his paths; for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

3—"And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against a nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Article X, by the judgment of impartial minds, seems to have the unfortunate quality of producing not

peace, but the possibilities of a moral obligation that might force us into another war. Mr. Harding seriously believes this is the case and so do many of us. We all think that judicial minds are better fitted to bring peace than any diplomats in a meeting where each represents a separate country and separate ambitions.

The law of God has ruled the universe ever since there was a universe, and no ego has been able to disturb it. A lot of us believe that Mr. Harding, who "humbled himself" will be "exalted," and that with his group of strong minds belonging to men of experience a league may be formed that will bring about that state where "they shall beat up their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

New York, Oct. 28, 1920. W. S.

## Yelling "League of Nations"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: America surely has a bright prospect ahead if it chooses the program of Senator Warren G. Harding. A man who will be true to his own country first will certainly do the right thing by all the countries of the earth.

If all the families of America should decide to be true to "My family first," if all men and women who work should make "My business first," if all churches should give the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit the first place, it would not be selfish, but would make this country a safer place to live in than was ever known before.

Then we could help others; then those who come to us from other countries would have a shining example. Then we could help the world.

Yelling "League of Nations, League of Nations" until one is hoarse will not insure its success. If Governor Cox ever has the chance to sit down with the Senate of the United States and consult about the League of Nations, what chance has he of success in view of his constant talk about the Senatorial oligarchy? COUNTRY WOMAN. Canaan, Conn., Oct. 29, 1920.

## A Vote for the Wilson League

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The deepest concern of humanity to-day is to establish peace on the earth. As with fire, so with war, the only sensible method is to prevent its outbreak. The League of Nations is a plan of cooperative action to do just this. The peace-loving nations of the earth will act as a unit, and when all other means have failed, their representatives will advise as to what means must be used to bring a pirate nation to terms. In some cases force may have to be used, though when a determined and united stand against external aggression is taken, force would probably not be needed; our Monroe Doctrine has never needed it. That is the League of Nations in a paragraph.

The commanding issue in this campaign is America's duty to the other peace-loving nations. How may we be sure of joining hands with the rest of the world now in the league? Many sincere people say that because they believe in the league they expect to vote for Senator Harding. It seems futile to argue the point. There is great difference of opinion within the Republican party as to where the Senator really stands. Johnson and Taft being antipodes. But for any one who honestly wants America to take its place in the League of Nations this simple test should be decisive: Harding and Cox are both supported by some who are for the league and by some who are against it, but Democrats are not deserting to Harding on the ground that they are for the league, and Republicans are not deserting to Cox because they are against it. Pro-league Republicans are deserting Harding, but pro-league Democrats are not deserting Cox. The general impression is that the election of Cox would be an explicit mandate of the American people to join the league. The election of Harding might mean something else.

ROCHESTER. Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1920

## A Good Time to Pause

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: That silent observer, the North American Indian, watches the campaign with some interest, but very early discarded the League of Nations ideas as not essential to this campaign. To him it seems much like the white man's religious revival—many converted while the excitement lasts, but few stay with it. To me it seems a good thing. Yet the league exists and functions while wars are going on and weak nations are praying for freedom and self-determination—for instance, India, Ireland, Egypt, South Africa—while every dominant nation is struggling with an epidemic of dissatisfaction, thereby causing their respective governments a great deal of anxiety.

Under these conditions it is not wise for us to follow Lincoln's advice, namely, "Don't swap horses while you are crossing a stream," and do as Daniel Webster said of the mariner who was tossed all night by a tempest, "At break of day he consulted his compass to see how far he had strayed from the true course." So let us calm ourselves after the world storm and examine our Constitution, our nation's compass, to see how far we have departed from our course.

CHARLES A. EASTMAN. (Ojibwa). Northampton, Mass., Oct. 27, 1920.

## Two Birds With One Stone

(From The Buffalo Express)

An expedition is being planned to invade Asia in search of the long-missing missing link. Training that later would undoubtedly be of great help to them might be acquired by the prospective searchers by their joining in the hunt for Bergdall, the missing dodger.

## A Week of Verse

## A Dog's Death

(From The London Mercury)

THE loose earth falls in the grave like a peaceful regular breathing; Too like, for I was deceived a moment by the sound:

It has covered the heap of bracken that the gardener laid above him, Quiet the spade swings: there we have now his mound.

A patch of fresh earth on the floor of the wood's renewing chamber: All around is grass and moss and the hyacinth's dark green sprouts: And oaks are above that were old when his fiftieth sire was a puppy: And far away in the garden I hear the children's shouts.

Think, O my soul, of the red sand of Crete: think of the earth, the heat burnt inside like the great backs of the temple serpents: think of the world you knew as the tide crept, the land burned with a lizard-blue where the dark sea met the sand.

Think, O my soul, what power has struck you blind—there no desert root, no forest-berry, pine-pitch or knot of fir known that can help the soul caught in a force, a power, passionless, not its own?

No more, my soul—as the black cup, sullen and dark with fire, burns till beside it, none's bright heat is withered, filled with dust, and into that noon-heat grown drab and stale, is sudden sound of thunder and swift rain.

The poppy that my soul was, formed to bind all mortals, made to strike and gather hearts like flame upon an altar, fades and shrinks, a red leaf—waste and drift of the cold rain.

H. D.

## The Unreturning Thing

(From Coleridge, London)

YOU see this child. He waits, unconscious, by the undivulging gates:

His ear has heard the tuning; and, intent,

He guesses what shall leap and flower To top the tall triumphant hour

When instrument is wed to instrument. So is it with the childish heart of man

That has learnt nothing since the world began.

O infinitely touching!—pilgrim still Up the recurring disappointing hill!

O heart as breakable as the first heart was

That faltered, strange to loss!

O heart as flowerlike, with each morning new,

Brave to drink disappointment up like dew!

O vessel squandered on the careless sea! O my one love, the one love gone from me!

—It is not age that breaks and stales. It is not impotence that fails:

—It is not weakness that despair! —The rash and splendid and impatient ails

That blow about the meadows and the shores,

And search the noon for clouds, and shake the balls

To clamor in unconquered citadels. And take the stars and stations in their course

—These, it is these that break the heart, that lose

What they have learnt not to refuse, Sweet dancing fools,

So large, so bold, so ignorant of the span

Set for the reach and amplitude of man!

Ours was the summer hour: and now the tune,

Rhythmic, returns according to the rules, And ends not late nor soon.

You see this child: he, ev'n as you and I, Will watch that black and silver stab the sky,

Plying into the silence, flying free, Why tell him what he will not understand?

The ship forever puts off from the land, And finds forever nothing but the sea. It burns—the flower-flame that the leaves uncover,

Setting the heart free to accept the spring

—The mendicant of morning, and the lover

Of the unforeseen and unreturning thing.

GERALD GOULD.

## My Youth

(From Coleridge, London)

MY YOUTH was my old age.

I had too many cares

To think of song:

My mounting days all came

When I was young.